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Dolly Peachum's

J E S T S.

In which are comprised most of
the Witty Apothegms, diverting
Tales. and smart Repartees that
have been used for many Years
last past, either at St. *James's* or
St. *Giles's*: Suited aliked to
the Capacities of the Peer, and
the Porter.

— *Laugh at Tale*
Or Pun ambiguous; or Conundrum quaint.
Phillips's Splendid Shilling.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *J. Roberts*, at the *Oxford Arms*,
in *Warwick-Lane*. M,DCC,XVIII.

Price One Shilling.

Edally's Receipts

TESTS

In which are comprised most of
the Witty Apothegms, diverting
Tales, and smart Repartees that
have been used for many Years
last past, by Mr. James's or
St. Giles's School, shewed to
the Capacities of the Poor, and
the Porter.



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On Purchasing of or
Filling of Splendid Shilling

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Roberts at the Oxford Arms
in Warwick-Lane. MDCCLXXIII.

Three One Shilling.



EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO
Miss PEACHUM.



*W*HILST You, bright Nymph, in Polly's
humble State,
Gain nightly Conquests o'er the Rich and
Great;

*For different Bosoms boast a different Charm,
And whom Your Voice shall spare, Your Eyes disarm;
Whilst Peers enamour'd with thy low Degree,
Slight the Brocaded Fair, to sigh for Thee;
Accept this modest Tribute, nor disclaim
A Work, that asks the Sanction of thy Name;
Secure, (do You its Patroness but shine)
Of ev'ry one's Applause, in having Thine.
In these few Pages you'll the Product find
Of mirthful Hours, and Gaiety of Mind.*

Droes of all Ages, You'll assembled view,
Renewing jocund Talk, to pleasure You;
Substantial Glory, and sublime Return!
If they charm Her for whom a People burn.

Let some their Flames with Golden Baits impart,
Or try with Jewels to seduce thy Heart;
Void of these Aids, I'll yet prefer my Claim,
For Jewels, give You Jest, for Gold, my Fame.
Beauty like Thine, should be the Prize of WITS,
Miss W—r—n be for Coxcombs and for CITS.

M. P. E. A. O. H. U. M.




POLLY



POLLY PEACHUM'S

J E S T S.

OME Years ago, when Mrs. R---s, the Actress, was young and handsome, as *Polly* is now, she had abundance of Dangers, and powdered Admirers every Time she appear'd, paying their Devoirs to her behind the Scenes; among the rest, Lord *North and Grey*, who was not remarkable for the handsomest Face in the World; after having constantly attended her in the Green Room, ask'd her, one Evening with a deep Sigh, What was a *Cure for Love*? *Your Lordship*, said she, the best I know in the World.

A

A Beg-

II.

A Beggar asking Alms under the Name of a poor Scholar, a Gentleman, to whom he apply'd himself, ask'd him a Question in Latin, the Fellow shaking his Head, said he did not understand him : Why, said the Gentleman, did you not say you were a poor Scholar? Yes, reply'd the other, *a poor one indeed, Sir, for I don't understand one Word of Latin.*

III.

A Person was saying, not at all to the Purpose, that really *Sampson* was a very strong Man; Ah, said another in Company, but you are a much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by Head and Shoulders.

IV.

My Lord *Strangford*, who stammer'd very much, was telling a certain Bishop, who was at his Table, that *Balaam's Ass* spoke because he was Pri---e---ft ——— Priest-rid, Sir, said a Valet de Chambre, that stood behind his Chair, my Lord would say. No, Friend, reply'd the Bishop, *Balaam* could not speak himself, and so his *Ass* spoke for him.

The

V.

The same noble Lord ask'd a Clergyman once, at the Bottom of the Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always set next the Parson. Really, said he, I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a *Goose* for the future, without thinking of your Lordship.

VI.

A certain Reverend Drone in the Country was complaining to another, that it was a great Fatigue to preach twice a Day. Oh! said the other, I preach twice every Sunday, and *make Nothing of it.*

VII.

One of the aforesaid Gentlemen, as was his Custom, preaching somewhat dull to a Congregation not used to him, many of them flunk out of the Church, one after another, before his Sermon was near ended. Truly said a Gentleman present, this learned Dr. has made a very *moving* Discourse.

VIII.

The other Night his Grace the Duke of A—— being at the *Beggar's Opera*, who says more good Things than any-body, met

C—bb— there, behind the Scenes; well *Colley*, said he, how do you like the *Beggar's Opera*. Why it makes one laugh, my Lord, said he, upon the Stage, but how will it do in print. O very well, by G—d, reply'd the Duke, *if you don't write the Preface*; alluding, I suppose, to the *Paraphernalia*, and some other pretty Things in his own.

IX.

When Sir *Richard S—* was fitting up his great Room for publick Orations, happening to be pretty much behind Hand with his Workmen, and coming one Day among them to see how the Work went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum* and make a Speech, that he might observe how it could be heard, the Fellow gets up, and rubbing his Head, told him he could not tell what to say, he was but an indifferent Orator. Oh! said the other, no matter for that, speak any Thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir *Richard*, said the Fellow, we have been working for you these 6 Weeks and can't get one Penny of Money, pray, Sir, when do yo design to pay us? Oh! very well, very well, said Sir *Richard*, pray come down, I have heard enough.

When

X.

When the Duke of Ormond was young, and came first to Court, he happen'd to stand next my Lady D--ch--st--r one Evening in the Drawing Room, who being little upon the Reserve on most Occasions, let a Fart, upon which he look'd her full in the Face and laught. What's the Matter, my Lord, said she; Oh! I heard it, Madam, reply'd the Duke; You'll make a fine Courtier indeed, said she, if you mind every Thing you bear in this Place.

XI.

Colonel ———, who made the fine Fire-Work's in St. James's Square, upon the Peace of Reswick, was commending Mr. Purcel's Epitaph, to a Lady,

He is gone to that Place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded.

Lord, Colonel, said she, the same Epitaph might serve for you, with the Alteration of one Word,

He is gone to that Place where only his own Fire-Works can be exceeded.

XH.

Sir William Davenant, the Poet, had no Nose, who going along the Meuse one Day, a Beg-

a Beggar-Woman followed him, crying, ah! God preserve your *Eye-Sight*, Sir, the Lord preserve your *Eye-Sight*. Why, good Woman, said he, what makes you pray for my *Eye-Sight*; Ah! dear Sir, said the Woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your *Spe&ctacles* upon.

XIII.

My Lady N——, who had but a very homely Face, but was mighty well snap'd, and always neat about the Legs and Feet, was tripping one Morning over the Park in a Mask; and a Gentleman followed her for a long while, making strong Love to her, he call'd her his Life, his Soul, his Angel, and begg'd with abundance of Earnestness to have Glimpse of her Face, at last when she came on the other Side of the Bird-Cage Walk, to the House she was going into, she turn'd about, and pulling off her Mask: Well, Sir, said she, what is it you would have with me? The Man at first Sight of her Face, drew back, and lifting up his Hands, Oh! *nothing*, Madam, *nothing*, cry'd he; I cannot say, said my Lady, but I like your Sincerity, tho' I hate your Manners.

Some

XIV.

Some Years ago, when I was at *Oxford*, we had an amorous old Fellow in our College, that us'd often to make us merry when we could discover any of his Intrigues ; and happening one Day to catch him in a very familiar Posture, with a very ugly *Cook-Wench*, we banter'd him pretty much upon the Oddness of his Fancy ; Why, look ye Gentlemen, said he, tho' I am an old Fellow my *Constitution* is good still, and I thank God, I'm yet neither reduced to *Beauty* nor *Brandy*.

XV.

Sir B——r W——y, and two or three more drunken Tories, reeling home from the Fountain Tavern, on a *Sunday* Morning, cry'd out we are the *Pillars* of the Church, no, by G—d, said a Whig that happened to be in their Company, you can be but the *Buttresses*, for you never come of the Inside of it.

XVI.

After the Fire of *London* there was an Act of Parliament to regulate the Buldings of the City, every House was to be *three Stories* high, and there were to be no *Balconies* backwards : A *Gloucestershire* Gentleman, a Man of great Wit and Humour, just after this Act passed,

passed, going along the Street, and seeing a little crooked Gentlewoman, on the other Side of the Way, he runs over to her in great haste, Lord, Madam, said he, how dare you venture to walk the Streets thus publicly ? Walk the Streets ! why not ? answer'd the little Woman. Because, said he, you are built directly contrary to Act of Parliament, you are but *two Stories* high, and your *Belcony* hangs over your House-of-Office.

XVII.

One Mr. T——m was so very tall, that if he was living now, he might be shewn at *Fawks's Theatre* for a Sight ; this Gentleman going one Day to enquire for a Countryman a little Way out of Town, when he came to the House, he look'd in at a little Window over the Door, and ask'd the Woman, who sat by the Fire, if her Husband was at home. No, Sir, said she, but if you please to *alight* and come in, I'll go call him.

XVIII.

The same Gentleman walking cross *Covent-Garden*, was ask'd by a Beggar Woman for an Half-penny or Farthing, but finding he would not part with his Money, she begg'd for God's-sake he would give her one of his *old Shoes* ; he was very desirous to know what she

she could do with one Shoe, to make my Child a Cradle, Sir, said she.

XIX.

King Charles II. having order'd a Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at a Time when Addresses were coming up to him from all Parts of the Kingdom, *Tom Killigrew* went to the Taylor, and ordered him to make a very large Pocket on one Side the Coat, and one so small on the other, that the King could hardly get his Hand into it, which seeming very odd, when they were brought home, he ask'd the Meaning of it, the Taylor said, Mr. *Killigrew* order'd it so; *Killigrew* being sent for, and interrogated, said one Pocket was for the Addresses of his Majesty's Subjects, the other for the Money they would give him.

The great Number of Addresses sent to *Richard Cromwell*, during the little Time he held the Reins of Government, and to King *James II.* are Proofs of the Unmeaningness and little Sincerity of them; but the most recent Instance is that of *Beckingham* the Poet, who was employ'd by a Body of Men in the County of *Middlesex* to draw up an Address for them, upon the promise of a Reward, which he was afterwards forced to sue them for at common Law, and spend twice as much as they agreed to give him, besides losing his Cause into the Bargain.

XX.

My Lord *B—lt—e* had married three Wives that were all his Servants, a Beggar Woman meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Courtesy, Ah! God Almighty blefs your Lordship, said she, and send you a long Life, if you do but live long enough we shall be all *Ladies* in time.

XXI.

My Lord Chief Justice *Holt* had sent, by his Warrant, one of the *French Prophets*, a foolish Sect that started up in his Time, to Prison; upon which Mr. *Lacy*, one of their Followers, came one Day to my Lord's House, and desired to speak with him, the Servants told him that he was not well, and saw no Company that Day, but tell him, said *Lacy*, I must see him, for I come to him from the *Lord God*, which being told the Chief Justice, he ordered him to come in, and ask'd him his Business; I come, said he, from the *Lord*, who sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a *Noli Prosequi* for *John Atkins*, whom thou hast cast into Prison: Thou art a false Prophet, answered my Lord, and a lying Knave, for if the Lord had sent thee it would have been to the *Attorney General*, he knows it is not in my Power to grant a *Noli Prosequi*.

An

XXII.

An arch Wagg of St. John's ask'd another of the same College, who was a great Sloven, why he would not read a certain Author call'd GO-CLENIUS.

XXIII.

An Hackney Coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the Lawyers us'd to club their *three Pence* a-piece to go to *Westminster*, and being called by a Lawyer at Temple Bar, who, with two others in their Gowns, got into this Coach, and bid him drive to *Westminster Hall*, he still kept his Door open as if he waited for more Company; one of the Gentlemen ask'd him why he did not shut the Door and go on, the Fellow, scratching his Head, cry'd, you know my Fare's a Shilling, I can't go for *Ninepence*.

XXIV.

Dr. Tadloe, who was a very fat Man, happening to go thump, thump, with his great Legs, thro' a Street, in Oxford, where some Paviers had been at Work, in the midst of *July*, the Fellows immediately laid down their Blocks, Ah! God Bless you, Master, crys one of them, it was very kind of you to come this Way, it saves us a great deal of Trouble this hot Weather.

A Gen-

XXV.

A Gentleman, whose Wife complain'd a little of his Manhood, consented that she should make Choice of any one, so that it was but one, to do Family Duty; she chose the Coachman, and by some Accident the Parson came to suspect his Lady, and was resolved to watch her Waters; it was not long before he had an Opportunity, by peeping thro' the Key-hole, of being entirely confirmed in his Suspicion, being a very conscientious Man, he thought it his Duty to acquaint her Husband, and his Patron, with it, he told him he could not see him abus'd in so vile, so abominable, a Manner without letting him know it, hush, hush, Doctor, said the Gentleman, the Thing is a Secret, but I give my Coachman twenty Pounds a Year extraordinary for that very Service, Gad, take me, cry'd the Parson, why would you not speak to me, I would have done it for Ten, and have thank'd you too.

XXVI.

Some-body ask'd Mrs. O—d, if she thought Sir W. T. and Mr. H—n, who happen both to have very stinking Breaths, were marry'd, I don't know whether they are marry'd, said she, but I'm sure there's a Wedding between them.

His

XXVII.

His Excellency *Tom B*——t happening to be at Dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter Part of the late Queen's Reign, after two or three *Healths*, the Ministry was toasted, but when it came to *Tom's* Turn to drink, he diverted it for some Time, by telling a Story to the Person who sat next him, the Chief Magistrate of the City not seeing his Toast go round, called out, Gentlemen, *Where sticks the Ministry?* At NOTHING, by G—d, says *Tom*, and so drank off his Glass.

XXVIII.

Swan, the famous Punster of Cambridge, being a Nonjuror, upon which Account he had lost his Fellowship, as he was going along the Strand in the Beginning of King *William's* Reign, on a very rainy Day, a Hackney Coachman called to him, Sir; won't you please to take Coach, it *Rains* hard: Ay, Friend, said he, but this is no *Reign* for me to take Coach in.

XXIX.

When *Oliver* first coined his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read the Inscriptions, on one Side was, *God with us*, on the other, *The Commonwealth*

wealth of England; I see, said he, *God* and the *Common-wealth* are on DIFFERENT Sides.

XXX.

Mr. Serjeant G——r, being *lame* of one Leg, and pleading before Judge Fo——e, who has little or no *Nose*, the Judge told him he had but a *lame* Cause of it: Oh! my Lord, said the other, have but Patience, and I'll prove it as plain as the *Nose* on your Face.

XXXI.

Colonel *Bond*, who had been one of King *Charles* the First's Judges, dy'd the Day before *Oliver*, and it was strongly reported every where that *Cromwel* was dead: No, said a Gentleman who knew better, he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his further Appearance.

XXXII.

A Gentleman eating some Mutton that was very tough, said it put him in Mind of an old *English* Poet. Who is that, said another of the Company; *Chau—cer*, reply'd he.

My

XXXIII.

My Lord Craven, in King James the First's Reign, was very desirous of seeing Ben Johnson, which being told to Ben, he went to my Lord's House; but being in a very tatter'd Condition, as Poets sometimes are, the Porter refused him Admittance, with some saucy Language, which the other did not fail to return: My Lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the Occasion of it: Ben, who stood in Need of no-body to speak for him, said he understood his Lordship desired to see him. You, Friend, said my Lord, who are you? Ben Johnson reply'd the other; No, no, quoth my Lord, you cannot be Ben Johnson who wrote the *Silent Woman*, you look as if you could not say *Bo* to a Goose. *Bo*, cried Ben, very well, said my Lord, who was better pleased at the Joke, than offended at the Affront, I am now convinced, by your Wit, you are Ben Johnson.

XXXIV.

A Gentleman told another who had a very red Face indeed, that it always put him in Mind of *Mary-bone* Park; how can that be, said he; why there is not one bit of *Pale* about it, said he.

A Gen-

XXXV.

A Gentleman asked a Lady at Tunbridge, who had made a very large Acquaintance among the Beaus and pretty Fellows there, what she would do with them all. Oh! said she, they pass off like the Waters. And do they *pass* the same Way pray, Madam, replied the other.

XXXVI.

A certain Fop was boasting in Company that he had every *Sense* in Perfection; no, by G—d, said one, who was by, there is one you are entirely without, and that is *Common Sense*.

XXXVII.

A poor Man, who had a termagant Wife, after a long Dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last Word, told her, if she spoke one more *crooked* Word he'd beat her Brains out: Why then *Ram's Horns*, said she, if I die for't.

XXXVIII.

The Post of a *Maid* of Honour, said a Gentleman, is the most Ticklish and Difficult to keep of all others.

XXXIX.

A *Braggadocchio* chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full Speed, was asked by one, what was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of, It is got, said he, *all into my Heels.*

XL.

The Emperor *Augustus*, being shewn a young *Grecian*, who very much resembled him, asked the young Man if his *Mother* had not been at *Rome* : No, Sir, answer'd the other, but my *Father* has.

XLI.

A certain Member of the *French Academy*, who was no great Friend to the Abbot *Furetiere*, one Day took his Seat, and soon after having occasion to speak, and *Furetiere* being by that Time come in ; Here is a Place, said he, Gentlemen, from whence I am likely to utter a Thousand Impertinences : Go on, answer'd *Furetiere*, there's one already.

XLII.

Cato the Censor being asked, how it came to pass, that he had no Statue erected for him, who had so well deserved of the Commonwealth ? I had rather, said he, have this Question asked, than *why I had one.*

XLIII.

An *English Gentleman* happening to be in *Brecknockshire*, he used sometimes to divert himself with Shooting, but being suspected not to be qualified by one of the little *Welch Justices*, who told him he had *two little Mannors*, and should not allow him to Shoot there, unless he could produce his Qualification; Oh! Sir, said the *Englishman*, every body perceives that; perceives what, cry'd the *Welchman*, that you have *too little Manners*, Sir, said the other.

XLIV.

Two Free-thinking Authors, propos'd to a *Bookseller*, that was a little decay'd in the World, that if he would print their Works, they would set him up, and indeed they were as good as their Word, for in a Fortnight's Time he was in the *Pillory*.

XLV.

You are a Whore, said Captain P—— to his Wife; you are a Cuckold, answer'd Madam, and a Liar; but if one of us must prove our Words, I could produce an Evidence, and that's more than you can.

A very

XLVI.

A very worthy old Gentleman, who has been the Author of many Plays, going by a *Brandy-Shop*, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*; the Man who kept it, came out to him, and desired him to drink a Dram, said he, for what Reason; because you are a *Dramatick Poet*, answer'd the other; well Sir, said the old Gentleman, you are an out-of-the-way Fellow, and I will drink a Dram with you; but when he had so done, he asked him to pay for it; 'Sdeath, Sir, said he, did you not ask me to drink a Dram because I was a *Dramatick Poet*; yes, Sir, reply'd the Fellow, but I did not think you had been a *Dram o' Tick Poet*.

XLVII.

Colley, notwithstanding his *Paraphernalia*, has now and then said a good Thing, particularly one Evening in Company with the Duke of *Wharton*, who said he expected to see him *hang'd* or *beggar'd* very soon; by G---d, said he, if I had your Grace's *Politicks* and *Morals* you might expect *Both*,

XLVIII.

A Gentleman was saying one Day at the *Tilt-Tard Coffee-House*, when it rain'd very hard,

hard, that it put him in Mind of the *General Deluge*; Zoons, Sir, said an old Campaigner who stood by, who's that, I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe* but him.

, XLIX.

The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War being sent out of his own Ship of an Errand to another; the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of Living; how often, said one, do you go to *Prayers* now; why, answer'd the other, in case of a *Storm* or any *Danger*; Ah, said the first, there's some Sense in that, but my Master makes us *Pray* when there is no more Occasion for it, than for my leaping over-board.

L.

Not much unlike this Story, is one I heard from a Midshipman, of his being in a violent Storm, when ev'ry body went to *Prayers*, but one Man, whom they spoke to, exhorting him to *pray*; Not I, said he, 'tis your Business to take Care of the Ship, I am but a *Passenger*.

LI.

Two *Irishmen* meeting in the Street, says one to the other, are not you a pitiful Rascal to call me Son of a *Whore*, to an Acquaintance

tance, when you made me vouch that you were the *Son of a Lord*, to your Mistress.

LII.

Daniel Purcel, and a Friend of his, having a Desire to drink a Glass of Wine together, upon the 30th of *January*, they went to the Salutation Tavern upon *Holbourn Hill*, and finding the Door shut they knock'd at it, but it was not opened to them, only one of the Drawers look'd thro' a little Wicket, and ask'd what they would please to have, why open your Door, said *Daniel*, and draw us a Pint of Wine, the Drawer said his Master would not allow of it that Day, it was a *Fast*; D--mn your Master, cry'd he, for a precise Coxcomb, is he not contented to *fast* himself but he must make his Doors *fast* too.

LIII.

The same Gentleman calling for some Pipes in a Tavern, complain'd they were too short; the Drawer said they had no other, and those were but *just come in*; Ah, said he, I see you have not brought them very *long*.

LIV.

The aforesaid Gentleman having the Character of a great Punster, one, who happen'd into his Company, desired he would make a
Pun,

Pun, upon what *Subject*, said *Daniel*, the *King*, replies the other, *KING*, Sir, said he, is no *SUBJECT*.

LV.

A Gentleman being at Dinner at a Friend's House, the first Thing that came upon Table was a Dish of Whiteings; and one being put upon his Plate, he found it stink so much that he could not eat a Bit of it, but he laid his Mouth down to the Fish as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the Plate and put it to his own Ear; the Gentleman, at whose Table he was, enquiring into the Meaning, he told him he had a Brother lost at Sea about a *Fortnight ago*, and he was asking that Fish if he knew any Thing of him, and what Answer made he, said the Gentleman, he told me, said he, he could give no Account of him, for he had not been at Sea these *three Weeks*.

I would not have any of my Readers, apply this Story as an unfortunate Gentleman did, who had heard it, and was the next Day whispering a Rump of Beef at a Friend's House.

LVI.

Lord C—— by coming out of the House of Lords one Day, call'd out, where's my *Fellow*;

Fellow ; not in *England* by *G—d*, said a Gentleman who stood by.

LVII.

Three or four roguish Scholars walking out one Day from the University of *Oxford*, spied a poor Fellow near *Abingdon*, asleep in a Ditch, with an Afs by him, loaded with Earthen-Ware, holding the Bridle in his Hand ; says one of the Scholars to the rest, if you'll assist me, I'll help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present ; no doubt of it they were not long consenting ; Why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old Fellow's Afs at *Abingdon*, for you know the Fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with Chapmen enough ; therefore do you take the Panniers off, and put them upon my Back, and the Bridle over my Head, and then lead you the Afs to Market, and let me alone with the old Man. This being done accordingly, in a little Time after the poor Man awaking, was strangely surpriz'd to see his Afs thus metamorphos'd ; Oh ! for God's-sake, said the Scholar, take this Bridle out of my Mouth, and this Load from my Back. Zoons, how came you here, reply'd the old Man, why, said he, my Father, who is a great Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Afs, but now his Heart has relented, and I am
come

come to my own Shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him : By all Means, said the Crockrey Merchant, I don't desire to have any Thing to do with Conjur-ation, and so set the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the As for : But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day to seek for a new one in the Fair, and after having look'd on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one, O, Ho! said he, *What has he and his Father quarrel'd again already?* No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.

LVIII.

The Trojans sending Ambassadors to con-
dole with *Tiberius* up the Death of his Father-
in-Law *Augustus*, it was so long after, that
the Emperor hardly thought it a Compliment;
but told them *he was likewise sorry that they
had lost so valiant a Knight as Hector*, who
was slain above a thousand Years before.

LIX.

A Lady being asked how she lik'd a Gen-
tleman's Singing, who had a very *stinking
Breath*, the Words are good, said she, but
the *Air* is intolerable.

LX.

Two Gentlemen disputing about Religion, in *Button's* Coffee-house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of Religion, when I'll hold you five Guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*, done, said the other, and Sir R—— S—— shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began with *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly thro' the *Creed*; well, said the other, I own I have lost; *I did not think he could have done it.*

LXI.

Some-body ask'd my Lord *Bacon* what he thought of *Poets*, why, said he, I think them the very best Writers next to those who write in *Prose*.

LXII.

There being a very great Disturbance at *Drury-lane* Play-house one Evening, Mr. *Wilks*, coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which he having took up, making a low Bow, this is no *Civil Orange*, I think, said he.

D

The

LXIII.

The *Paraphernalian* Poet, happening many Years ago to have a Quarrel with Mr. *Powel*, he receiv'd a smart Box on the Ear from him, a few Days after losing his Snuff Box, and making strict Enquiry if any-body had seen his Box; What *that*, said another of the Buskin'd Wits, which *George Powel* gave you t'other Night.

LXIV.

A certain Author was telling Dr. *Sewel*, that a Passage he found fault with in his Poem, might be justify'd, and that he thought it a METAPHOR; It is such a one, said the Doctor, as I never MET-A-FORE.

LXV.

When *Rablais*, the greatest Drole in *France*, lay on his Death Bed, he could not help jesting at the very last Moment, for having receiv'd the extream Uction, a Friend coming to see him, said he hoped he was prepar'd for the next World; Yes, yes, reply'd *Rablais*, I am ready for my Journey now, they have just greas'd my Boots.

LXVI.

Sir *Thomas Moor*, for a long Time had only Daughters, his Wife earnestly praying they

they might have a Boy, at last they had a Boy, who, when he came to Man's Estate, proved but weak and Simple : Said Sir Thomas to his Wife, *thou prayedst so long for a Boy, that he will be a Boy as long as he lives.*

LXVII.

Michael Angelo, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chappel, painted among the Figures in Hell, that of a certain Cardinal, who was his Enemy, so like, that every-body knew it at first Sight : Whereupon, the Cardinal complaining to Pope Clement of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced ; said the Pope, You know I have the Power to deliver a Soul out of Purgatory, but not out of Hell.

LXVIII.

Cosmo Duke of Tuscany, used to say of *perfidious Friends*, we read that we ought to forgive our Enemies, but we do not read that we ought to forgive our Friends.

LXXI.

One, speaking of *Titus Oates*, said he was a Villain in GRAIN, and deserved to be well THRESHED,

LXX.

Another Poet asked *Nat Lee* if it was not easy to write like a *Madman*, as he did ; *Nat* answer'd,

answer'd, 'Tis much easier to write like a *Fool*,
as you do.

LXXI.

Mr. *Congreve* going up the Water in a Boat, the Waterman told him as they pass'd by *Peterborough* House, that that House had *sunk a Story*; No, Friend, said he, I rather believe it is *a Story rais'd*,

LXXII.

The aforefaid House being the very last in *London*, a Gentleman going by it, asked another who lived there; his Friend told him, *Sir Richard Grosvenor*; I don't know, said the first, what Estate *Sir Richard* has, but he ought to have a very good one, for no-body lives beyond him in the whole Town.

LXXIII.

A Lady coming into a Room hastily, with her *Mantua*, brush'd down a *Cremona* Fiddle, that lay on a Chair, and broke it, upon which a Gentleman that was present burst into this Exclamation from *Virgil*,

Mantua va misere nintum Vicina Cremona.

Ah! miserable Mantua too near a Neighbour to Cremona.

It

LXXIV.

It was said of *Henry Duke of Guise*, that he was the greatest Usurer in all *France*, for he had turned all his Estate into *Obligations*, meaning he had sold and mortgaged his Patrimony to make Presents to other Men.

LXXV.

A Soldier was bragging before *Julius Caesar*, of the Wounds he had received in his *Face*; *Caesar* knowing him to be a Coward, told him, he had best take heed, the next Time he ran away, *how he look'd back*.

LXXVI.

Fabius Maximus, resolving to lengthen the War, still followed *Hannibal's* Progress to check him, and for that Purpose encamp'd upon the high Ground: But *Terentius* his Colleague, fought *Hannibal*, and was in great Danger of an Overthrow, till *Fabius* came down from the High Grounds, and got the Day. *I always thought*, said *Hannibal*, *that that Cloud upon the Hills would one Time or other burst in a Storm*.

LXXVII.

Cato Major us'd to to say, *that Wise Men learned more from Fools, than Fools from Wise Men*.
A Par-

LXXVIII.

A Parson preaching a tiresome Sermon on Happiness or Bliss; when he had done a Gentleman told him he had forgot one Sort of Happiness, *Happy are they that did not hear your Sermon.*

LXXIX.

Another Parson having divided his Text into 22 Heads, one of the Congregation went out of the Church in great Hastē, and being ask'd where he was going, *for my Night-cap,* said he, *for I find we must lie here all Night.*

LXXX.

Some Women speaking of the great Pains they suffer'd in Child-birth, for my Part, said one, 'tis less Trouble to me, than to swallow the Yolk of an Egg. Then sure, Madam, reply'd another, *Your Throat is very Narrow.*

LXXXI.

A Gentleman ask'd Nanny Rockford, why the Whigs, in their Mourning for Queen Anne, all wore Silk Stockings: Because, said she, the Tories were Worsted,

LXXXII.

A No-

LXXXII.

A Nobleman having chose a very illiterate Person for his Library-Keeper, one said it was like a *Seraglio kept by an Eunuch.*

LXXXIII.

Manners, who was himself but lately made Earl of *Rutland*, told Sir *Thomas Moor*, he was too much elated by his Preferments, that he verifi'd the old Proverb,

Honores mutant M O R E S.

No, my Lord, said Sir *Thomas*, the Pun will do much better in *English*,

Honours change M A N N E R S.

LXXXIV.

King *Henry VIII.* designing to send a Nobleman on an Embassy to *Francis I.* at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd, saying such a threatening Message, to so hot a Prince as *Francis I.* might go near to cost him him his Life. Fear not, said old *Harry*, if the *French King* should offer to take away your Life, I would revenge you by taking off the Heads of many *Frenchmen* now in my Power: But of all those Heads, reply'd the Nobleman, there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.

A Lday

LXXXV.

A Lady, who had generally a pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, ask'd him when he design'd to leave off *Gaming*; when you cease *Loving*, said he. Then, reply'd the Lady, *You are like to continue a Gamster as long as you live.*

LXXXVI.

A Counsellor, pleading at the Bar with Spectacles on, who was blind of one Eye, said he would produce nothing but what was *ad Rem*, then, said one of the adverse Party, *you must take out one Glass of your Spectacles, which I'm sure is of no use.*

LXXXVII.

The facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at Rehearsal, on a *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are usually paid, was asking another whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the House, had any Thing to say to them that Morning; no, faith, *Jeimmy*, reply'd the other, I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money; By G—d, said *Spiller*, if there is no *COLE* we must burn *WOOD*.

A Mayor

LXXXVIII.

A Mayor of *Tarmouth*, in ancient Times, being by his Office a Justice of the Peace, and one who was willing to dispense the Laws wisely, tho' he could hardly read, got him the Statute-Book, where finding a Law against *Firing a Beacon*, or causing any *Beacon* to be fired, after Nine of the Clock at Night, the poor Man read it *frying of Bacon*, or *causing any Bacon to be fried*; and accordingly went out the next Night upon the *Scent*, and being directed by his *Nose*, to the Carrier's House, he found the Man and his Wife both frying of Bacon, the Husband holding the Pan while the Wife turn'd it: Being thus caught in the Fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his Worship committed them both to Goal without Bail or Mainprize.

LXXXIX.

A Pragmatical young Fellow, sitting at Table over against the learned *John Scot*, asked him what Difference there was between *Scot* and *Sot*. *Just the Breadth of the Table*, answer'd the other.

XC.

It was said of a Person, who always eat at *other Peoples Tables*, and was a great *Railer*,
E
that

that he never *open'd his Mouth*, but to some Body's Cost.

XCI.

A witty Knave coming into a Lace-Shop upon *Ludgate-Hill*, said, He had Occasion for a small Quantity of very fine Lace, and having pitch'd upon that he liked, asked the Woman of the Shop what she would have for as much as would reach from one of his Ears to the other, and Measure which Way she pleased, either over his Head or under his Chin, after some Words, they agreed, and he paid the Money down, and began to measure, saying, *One of my Ears is here, and the other is nailed to the Pillory in Bristol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your Bargain; however, I will take this Piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all Expedition.*

XCII.

One came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him that he had brought his Eminence a dainty white *Palfry*, but he fell lame by the Way; saith the Cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, go to such a Cardinal and such a one, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the same, and so as thy Horse if it had been *sound*, could have pleased but *one*,
with

with this *lame Horse* thou shalt please half a Dozen.

XCIII.

Pope *Sixtus Quintus*, who was a poor Man's Son, and his Father's House ill thatched, so that the Sun came in at many Places of it ; would make a Jest himself of his mean Birth, and say, *that he was Nato di Casa illustre, Son of an illustrious House.*

XCIV.

When Sir *Cloudsly Shovel* set out on his last Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer, compos'd by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, for the Success of the Fleet, in which his Grace made use of this unlucky Expression, that he begged God would be a *Rock* of Defence to the Fleet, which occasioned the following Lines to be made upon the Monument set up for him, in *Westminster Abbey*, he being cast away in that Expedition, on the Rocks call'd the *Bishop and his Clerks.*

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire Event,
Else had we wanted now this Monument,
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock,
Nor did kind Heav'n the wise Petition mock,
To what the Metropolitan said then,
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, AMEN.*

XCV.

A certain Senator, who is not, it may be, esteemed the wisest Man in the House, has a frequent Custom of shaking his Head when another speaks, which giving Offence to a particular Person, he complain'd of the Affront ; but one who had been long acquainted with him, assured the House, that it was only an ill Habit he had got, and though he did often shake his *Head*, there was *Nothing* in it.

XCVI.

A certain *Berkshire* Gentleman, going down to a Country Town, upon Quest of a great Fortune, would needs give his Mistress a *Serenade*, one Evening under her Window, but she order'd her Servants to drive him thence by throwing Stones at him ; *Well*, said one, *your Musick is as powerful as that of ORPHEUS, for it draws the very STONES about you.*

XCVII.

Diogenes begging, as was the Custom among many Philosophers, did ask a *prodigal Man* for more than any one else. Whereupon one said to him : *I see your Business, that when you find a liberal Mind, you will take most of him.*

him : No, said Diogenes, but I mean to beg of the rest again.

XCVIII.

A Lady's Age happening to be question'd, she affirm'd she was but Forty, and call'd upon a Gentleman that was in the Company for his Opinion ; Cousin, said she, do you believe I am in the right when I say I am but Forty ? I ought not to dispute it, Madam, reply'd he, for I have heard you say so these ten Years.

XCIX.

Sir Thomas Moor, when, on an Occasion, the Counsel of the Party pressed him for a longer Day to perform the Decree, said ; Take Saint Barnaby's Day, which is the longest in the Year ; which happened to be the next Week.

C.

An old French Courtier, being violently afflicted with the Gout, receiv'd a Visit from a Prince of the Blood, of whose Party he had formerly been. That which grieves me most of all (said he to the Prince) in the Condition I am in, is, that I have quitted your Service. You ought not to grieve at that, answer'd the Prince, now you have the Honour
to

to belong to the King. 'Tis true, reply'd the Courtier; but had I not quitted your Service, I had been long since from the Pain I now suffer. Cunningly taxing the Prince with forsaking his Friends, and suffering them to be exalted, after he had drawn them into a Rebellion.

CI.

A Venitian Ambassador going to the Court of Rome, pass'd through Florence, where he went to pay his Respects to the late Duke of Tuscany. The Duke complaining to him of the Ambassador the State of Venice had sent him, as a Man unworthy of his Publick Character; Your Highness, said he, must not wonder at it, for we have many idle Pates at VENICE. So have we, reply'd the Duke, in FLORENCE; but we don't send them to treat of Publick AFFAIRS.

CII.

A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers whom he had employ'd in several Embassys, told him he look'd like an Owl. I know not, answer'd he, what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the Honour several Times to represent your Majesty's Person.

A Cour-

CIII.

A Courtier, who was a Confident of the Amours of *Henry IV. of France*, obtained a Grant from the King, for the Dispatch whereof he apply'd himself to the Lord High Chancellor: Who finding some Obstacle in it, the Courtier still insisted upon it, and would not allow of any Impediment. *Que chacun se mêle de son Metier*, said the Chancellor to him; that is, *let every one meddle with his own Business*. The Courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping; *My Employment*, said he, *is such, that, if the King were twenty Years younger, I would not exchange it for three of yours.*

CIV.

Frabricius, a Roman Consul, shew'd a great Nobleness of Mind, when the Physician of King *Pyrrhus* made him a Proposal to poison his Master, by sending the Physician back to *Pyrrhus*, with these Words; *Learn O King! to make a better Choice of thy FRIENDS, and of thy FOES.*

CV.

Dr. *Sewel*, and two or three more Gentlemen walking towards *Hampstead* on a Summer's

mer's Day, were met by the famous *Daniel Purcel*, who was very importunate with them to know upon what Account they were going there ; the Doctor merrily answering him, *to make Hay* ; Very well, reply'd the other, you'll be there at a very convenient Season, the Country wants R A K E S.

CVI.

A Gentlewoman, who though her Servants always cheated her when they went to *Bil-lingsgate* to buy Fish, was resolv'd to go thither one Day herself, and asking the Price of some Fish which she thought too dear, she bid the Fish-Wife about half what she ask'd ; Lord, Madam, said the Woman, I must have stole it to sell it that Price, but you shall have it if you will tell me what you do to make your Hands look so white ; Nothing good Woman, answer'd the Gentlewoman, but wear *Dog-Skin Gloves*. D-mn ye for a lying Bitch, reply'd the other, my Husband has wore *Dog-Skin Breetches* these ten Years, and his A-se is as brown as a Nutmeg.

CVII.

Dr. *Heylin*, a noted Author, especially for his *Cosmography*, happened to lose his Way going to *Oxford*, in the Forest of *Whitchwood* : Being then attended by one of his Brother's Men,

Men, the Man earnestly intreated him to lead the Way ; but the Doctor telling him he did not know it : *How !* said the Fellow, *that's very strange that you, who have made a Book of the whole World, cannot find the Way out of this little Wood.*

CVIII.

Monfieur *Vaugelas* having obtained a Pension from the late *French King*, by the Interest of Cardinal *Richlieu*, the Cardinal told him ; I hope, Sir, you will not forget the Word *Pension* in your Dictionary. No, my Lord, answer'd *Vaugelas*, nor the Word *Gratitude*.

CIX,

Dr. T——g having made the following Ænigma on a Pit or Hole,

The more it loses, what will greater grow ?
One answer'd extempore,

Let T——g his Satyrs lose and he'll be so.

CX.

A melting Sermon being preach'd in a Country Church, all fell a weeping but one Man ; who being ask'd why he did not weep with the rest ? O ! said he, *I belong to another Parish*

F

A Coun.

CXI.

A Countryman admiring the stately Fabrick of St. Paul's, ask'd, *Whether it was made in England, or brought from beyond Sea or no?*

CXII.

A Gentlewoman grew big with Child, who had two Gallants, one of them with a wooden Leg, and the Question was which should father it. He who had the wooden Leg offer'd to decide it thus. *If the Child, said he, comes into the World with a wooden Leg, I will father it, if not the Child's yours.*

CXIII.

A Spanish Lady reading in a French Romance, a long Conversation betwixt two Lovers; *What a deal of Wit, said the Lady, is here thrown away? When two Lovers are got together, and no-body by.*

CXIV.

A Gentleman who had been out a shooting brought home a small Bird with him, and having an Irish Servant, he ask'd him, if he had shot that little Bird, yes, he told him; Ah! by my Shoul, Honey, reply'd the Irish Man, it was not worth Powder and Shot, for this little Thing would have died in the Fall.

A poor

CXV.

A poor Fellow that was carrying to Execution had a Reprieve, just as he came to the Gallows, and was carry'd back by a Sheriff's Officer, who told him he was an happy Fellow, and ask'd him if he knew nothing of the Reprieve beforehand; No, reply'd the Fellow, nor thought no more of it, than of my dying Day.

CXVI.

A Gentleman happening to turn up against an House to make Water, did not see two young Ladies looking out of a Window close by him, till he heard them giggling, then looking towards them, he ask'd them what made them so merry; O! Lord, Sir, said one of them, *a very little Thing* will make us laugh.

CXVII.

A Gentleman speaking of his Servant, said, *I believe I command more than any Man, for before my Servant will obey me in one Thing, I must command him ten times over.*

CXVIII.

A Gentleman hearing a Parson preach upon the Story of the Children being devour'd by two the Bears who revil'd the old Man, and
not

not much liking his Sermon ; some Time after seeing the same Parson come into the Pulpit to preach, at another Church ; O ! Ho ! said he, *What are you here with your Bears again ?*

CXIX.

It was said of one who rember'd every Thing that he lent, but quite forgot what he borrowed, *that he had lost half his Memory.*

F I N I S



CXIX.

A Gentleman hearing a Parson preach upon the Story of the Children being devoured by two the Bears who revild the old Man, and